

you written to beare along  
*Fren. G.* We serue you Madam in that and all your  
 worstest affaires.

*La.* Not so; but as we change our courtesies,  
 Will you draw neerer?

*Hel.* Till I have no wife I have nothing in France,  
 Nothing in France vntill he has no wife:

Thou shalt haue none *Rossillion*, none in France,  
 Then hast thou all againe: poore Lord, is't I

That chase thee from thy Countie, and expose  
 Those tender limbes of thine, to the euent

Of the none-sparing warre? And is it I,  
 That driue thee from the sportiue Court, where thou

Was't shot at with faire eyes, to be the marke  
 Of smokie Muskets? O you leaden messengers,

That ride vpon the violent speede of fire,  
 Fly with false ayne, moue the still-peering aire

That sings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:  
 Who euer shoots at him, I set him there.

Who euer charges on his forward brest  
 I am the Caitiffe that do hold him too't,

And though I kill him not, I am the cause  
 His death was so effected: Better 'twere

I met the rauine Lyon when he roard  
 With sharpe constraint of hunger: better 'twere,

That all the miseries which nature owes  
 Were mine at once. No come thou home *Rossillion*,

Whence honor but of danger winnes a scarie,  
 As oft it looses all: I will be gone:

My being heere it is, that holds thee hence,  
 Shall I stay heere to doo't? No, no, although

The ayre of Paradise did fan the house,  
 And Angles offic'd all: I will be gone,

That pittifull rumour may report my flight  
 To console thine eare. Come night, end day,

For with the darke (poore theefe) he steale away. *Exit.*

*Flourish.* Enter the Duke of Florence, *Rossillion*,  
*drum and trumpets, soldiers, Parrolles.*

*Duke.* The Generall of our horse thou art, and we  
 Great in our hope, lay our best loue and credence

Vpon thy promising fortune,  
*Ber.* Sir, it is a charge too heauy for my strength, but yet

We'll strue to beare it for your worthy sake  
 To th' extreme edge of hazard.

*Duke.* Then go thou forth, and do as thou wilt  
 And fortune play vpon thy prosperous helme

As thy auspicious mistress.  
*Ber.* This very day

Great Mars I put my selfe into thy file,  
 Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall proue

A loner of thy drumme, hater of loue. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter Countesse & Steward.

*La.* Alas! and would you take the letter of her:  
 Might you not know she would do, as she has done,

By sending me a Letter. Reade it agen.

*Letter.* I have beene  
 I am *S. Iaguer Pilgrim*, thither gone, and daunt not, for

Ambitious love hath so in me offended,  
 That bare-foot plod I the cold ground vpon

With sainted vow my faults to haue amended.

Write, write, that from the bloodie course of warre  
 My dearest Master your deare sonne, may be,  
 Blesse him at home in peace. Whilst I from farre,  
 His name with zealous fervour sanctifie:  
 His taken labours bid him me forgive:  
 I his despitfull Inno sent him forth,  
 From Courtly friends, with Camping foes to line,  
 Where death and danger dogges the heeles of worth.  
 He is too good and faire for death, and mee,  
 Whom I my selfe embrace, to see him free.

Oh what sharpe stings are in her mildest words?  
*Rynaldo*, you did neuer lacke aduice so much,

As letting her passe so: had I spoke with her,  
 I could haue well diuerted her intents,

Which thus she hath prevented.  
*Sir.* Pardon me Madam,

If I had giuen you this at ouer-night,  
 She might haue beene ore-tane: and yet she writes

Pursuite would be but vaine.  
*La.* What Angell shall

Blesse this vnworthy husband, he cannot thrue,  
 Vnlesse her prayers, whom heauen delights to heare

And loues to grant, reprecue him from the wrath  
 Of greatest Iustice. Write, write *Rynaldo*,

To this vnworthy husband of his wife,  
 Let euerie word waigh heauie of her worth,

That he does waigh too light: my greatest grieffe,  
 Though little he do feele it, set downe sharply.

Dispatch the most conuenient messenger,  
 When haply he shall heare that she is gone,

He will returne, and hope I may that shee  
 Hearing so much, will speede her foote againe,

Led higher by pure loue: which of them both  
 Is dearest to me, I haue no skill in sence

To make distinction: prouide this Messenger:  
 My heart is heauie, and mine age is weake,

Grieffe would haue teares, and sorrow bids me speake. *Exit.*

A Tucket as hee off.

Enter old Widow of Florence, her daughter *Valma*  
 and *Mariana*, with other  
 Citizens.

*Widow.* Nay come,  
 For if they do approach the City,

We shall loose all the fight.  
*Diana.* They say, the French Count has done

Most honourable seruice.  
*Wid.* It is reported,

That he has taken their great'st Commander,  
 And that with his owne hand he flew

The Dukes brother: we haue lost our labour,  
 They are gone a contrarie way: hark,

you may know by their Trumpets.  
*Maria.* Come lets returne againe,

And suffice our selues with the report of it.  
 Well *Diana*, take heed of this French Earle,

The honor of a Maide is her name,  
 And no Legacie is so rich

As honestie.  
*Widow.* I haue told my neighbour

How you haue beene solicited by a Gentleman  
 His Companion.

*Maria.* I know that knaue, hang him, one *Parolles*,  
 a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions for the young  
 Earle, beware of them *Diana*: their promises, entice-  
 ments, oathes, tokens, and all these engines of lost, are  
 not the things they go vnder: many a maide hath bene  
 seduced by them, and the miserie is example, that so  
 terrible shewes in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot  
 for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed  
 with the twiggies that threatens them. I hope I neede  
 not to aduise you further, but I hope your owne grace  
 will keepe you where you are, though there were no  
 further danger knowne, but the modestie which is so  
 lost.

*Dia.* You shall not neede to feare me.  
 Enter *Hellen*.

*Wid.* I hope so: looke here comes a pilgrim, I know  
 she will lye at my house, thither they send one another,

He question her. God saue you pilgrim, whether are  
 bound?

*Hel.* To *S. Iaguer la grand*.  
 Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

*Wid.* At the *S. Francis* heere beside the Port.  
*Hel.* Is this the way? A march as farre.

*Wid.* I marrie ist. Hark you, they come this way:  
 If you will tarrie holy Pilgrime

But till the troopes come by,  
 I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd,

The rather for I thinke I know your hostesse  
 As ample as my selfe.

*Hel.* Is it your selfe?  
*Wid.* If you shall please so Pilgrime.

*Hel.* I thanke you, and will stay vpon your leisure.  
*Wid.* you came I thinke from France?

*Hel.* I did so.  
*Wid.* Here you shall see a Countymen of yours

That has done worthy seruice.  
*Hel.* His name I pray you?

*Dia.* The Count *Rossillion*: know you such a one?  
*Hel.* But by the eare that heares most nobly of him:

His face I know not.  
*Dia.* What somere he is

He's brauely taken heere. He stole from France  
 As 'tis reported: for the King had married him

Against his liking. Thinke you it is so?  
*Hel.* I surely meere the truth, I know his Lady.

*Dia.* There is a Gentleman that serues the Count,  
 Reports but courselly of her.

*Hel.* What's his name?  
*Dia.* Monsieur *Parrolles*.

*Hel.* Oh I belecue with him,  
 In argument of praise, or to the worth

Of the great Count himselfe, she is too meane  
 To haue her name repeated, all her deseruing

Is a referu'd honestie, and that  
 I haue not heard examin'd.

*Dia.* Alas poore Ladie,  
 'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife

Of a detestling Lord.  
*Wid.* I write good creature, wherefore she is,

Her hart waighes sadly: this yong maide might do her  
 A shrewd turne if she pleas'd.

*Hel.* How do you meane?  
 May be the amorous Count solicites her

In the lawfull purpose.  
*Wid.* He does indeede,

And brokes with all that can in such a suite

Corrupt the tender honour of a  
 But she is arm'd for him, and ke  
 In honestest defence.

*Drumme and Colours*  
 Enter Count *Rossillion*, *Parrolles*

*Mar.* The goddess forbid  
*Wid.* So, now they come:

That is *Anthony* the Dukes eld  
 That *Escalus*.

*Hel.* Which is the Frenchman?  
*Dia.* Hee,

That with the plume, 'tis a most  
 I would he lou'd his wife: if he

He were much goodlier. Is't no  
*Hel.* I like him well.

*Dia.* 'Tis pittie he is not honest  
 That leads him to these places

I would poison that vile Rascal.  
*Hel.* Which is he?

*Dia.* That Iacke an-apes wi  
 melancholly?

*Hel.* Perchance he's hurt i'th  
*Par.* Loose our drum? Well

*Mar.* He's shrewdly vext at  
 has spied vs.

*Wid.* Marrie hang you.  
*Mar.* And your curtesie, for

*Wid.* The troope is past: Of  
 you, Where you shall host: Of

There's foure or fife, to great S  
 Alreadie at my house.

*Hel.* I humbly thanke you  
 Please it this Matron, and this g

To eate with vs to night, the ch  
 Shall be for me, and to requite

I will bestow some precepts of  
 Worthy the note.

*Both.* We'll take your offer

Enter Count *Rossillion* and  
 as at fir

*Cap. E.* Nay good my Lord  
 haue his way.

*Cap. G.* If your Lordshippe  
 hold me no more in your respect

*Cap. E.* On my life my Lord,  
*Ber.* Do you thinke I am so

Deceiued in him.  
*Cap. E.* Beleuee it my Lord

knowledge, without any malice  
 as my kinsman, hee's a most not

nite and endlesse Liar, an houre  
 owner of no one good qualitie,

entertainment.  
*Cap. G.* It were fit you knew

farre in his vertue which he hath  
 great and trustie businesse, in

you.  
*Ber.* I would I knew in what

him.  
*Cap. G.* None better then

drumme, which you heare him  
 take to do.

*C. E.* I with a troop of Flore